Hillsborough Recorder.

UNION, THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE LAWS—THE GUARDIANS OF OUR LIBERTY.

Vol. XVIII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1838. No. 937.

From the St. Charles Clarion.

Address to the Despondent.

What though the sun may rise in gloom,
And cheerless seem to view;
At eve it may the truth illume,
And set in golden hue.

What though misfortune's surly blast,
Our prospects blast awhile;
And all our pleasures vanish fast,
Shall we our God revile?

'Tis thus the sorrows of this life
Are quick'ly chased away;
True pleasures take the place of strife,
And rob it of its sway.

Oh man! if ill's around increase,
Still let thy mind be even;
Let all thy gentle murm'rings cease,
There's rest for thee in heaven.

WANDERER.

From the Baltimore Book.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

BY W. HENRY CARPENTER.

Concluded.

CHAPTER III.

With a heavy heart Sidney Tresham bent his way towards the dwelling of her who was dearer to him than life itself, and with whom he felt that poverty were happiness, while affluence, wanting her presence, could present no charms to compensate for the loss. Mary was resting her head upon her hand, and the traces of recent tears still remained upon her pale cheeks, when Sidney entered the apartment. No sooner had the desolate girl become aware of his presence, than throwing aside all maidenly reserve, she flung herself into his arms, and gave vent to her feelings in a copious flood of tears.

"They have taken him from me, Sidney—they have taken him from me, and he will die—I know he will die, unless some kind friend release him from that horrid place."

"Nay, nay, be of good heart, Mary!—all will yet be well, rest assured all will yet be well," replied Sidney Tresham, soothingly, to his desponding companion; although, at the same time, he felt the gloomiest doubts of the truth of his own prophecy.

"Alas! alas!" she exclaimed, shaking her head mournfully, "who is there to care for my father now? he is poor, and friends, like birds of passage, migrate in the winter of a man's fortunes, little heeding how he fares, so that they be not importuned with his distresses."

"Your judgment is too harsh, dear Mary! Believe me, there are men who would sacrifice their all to serve a friend."

"Show me one such! show me one such! and I will fall at his feet and worship him. My father had friends, kind friends, who dined at his table, slept in his house, his servants were their servants, his horses at their disposal. Where are they now?—which of them will reach out a hand to raise my father, now that he is prostrate? Oh, too well have I learned what friendship means—and bitterly, God knows how bitterly the lesson has been taught me!"

"Mary! Mary!".

"Oh, that I were a man," continued the excited maiden, pacing the apartment, unheedful of the interruption. "Oh, that I were a man—that I could do as men do—how cheerfully would I labor to obtain his release—how thrifty would I be of every coin—with what joy would I gaze upon the accumulating mass—with what pride would I redeem him from his captivity; and, oh, how rapturously would I support his feeble steps, that he might look again upon the glad green earth, and the blue sky, and the blessed sun, until, turning from the world's glory to his faithful child, he should whisper, as parents only whisper, this is *your* work, Mary!

Sidney gazed with admiration upon the beautiful being as she now stood, statue like, filled with bright visions of the future, and he feared to awake her from so blissful a trance, to the sad realities which she was doomed to encounter.

For a moment the thoughts of Mary were with her ransomed father; but slowly and imperceptibly the distresses of the present stole upon her memory, and as they once more fully developed themselves, she sank upon the sofa, and covering her face with her hands, murmured in her wretchedness, all—all—have forsaken us, there is none to love us now.

Do I not remain beside you? Do I not love you?

Oh, yes, yes, yes!—you are all kindness, all affection. God help me! I am quarrelling with my dearest friend—Dear Sidney forgive me; I am a poor, weak, wretched girl, with no one in nature to look up to but my father, and he—he has been snatched from me! Your father, Sidney, he *was* my father's friend, what said he—Ha! your eyes are cast down, and your lips quiver. He did not refuse? do not say that he refused!

He did not refuse.

Bless you, bless you for that word!—then my father will once more be free—yet, you look sad,—how is this?

My father did not refuse, but——

Speak—speak—in mercy speak!

His assent was coupled with a condition, that——

Name it!—name it!

That we should be henceforth as those who had never met.

And you! what said you?

I rejected the proposition and instantly left him.

For a few minutes, Mary sat absorbed in thought—It may have been in prayer, for when she again spoke, her voice was low, and her articulation, though somewhat tremulous, had a measured, monotonous distinctness, that gave evidence of her emotion in a great measure subdued by a powerful effort of the will.

How I have loved you, Mr. Tresham, it is not for me to say. How I still love you, and must continue so to do, time alone will prove. That I have been happy, very happy, in your presence, you cannot for a moment doubt. That my happiness was but the reflection of your own, I am credulous enough to believe. But that joy is past! I have been dreaming that the poor merchant's daughter could wed with the rich man's son—I awake to find the falsehood of my vision. Sidney, dear Sidney! my duty to my father commands me to make any sacrifice, in honor, on my part, to secure his comfort,—you—*are free*. Independent of what she owes her father, the daughter of Adam Winterfield is too proud to receive the addresses of any one whose father forbids the offering. Go—leave me, and tell—tell your father never more will Mary Winterfield welcome you other than a friend, even though her break in the struggle.

Never, by heavens! never, Mary, will I deliever any such message!

Then, I must steel myself to the task.—Sidney, do not speak, for I am firm. Wherever you go out into the world, my blessing will be with you. The various scenes with which you will be beguiled will tend to weaken the remembrance of me—all I ask is, do not too soon forget—let me hold a brief reign in your memory; for, though you may meet with fairer maidens, and of loftier birth, believe me, their love for you will never equal the passionate and abiding devotion that has become a part of the very being of Mary Winterfield. Farewell! Sidney—dear Sidney! farewell, and *for ever!* Before Sidney Tresham could arrest her progress, Mary Winterfield had disappeared from the apartment. His anguish it is needless to describe.

CHAPTER IV.

The course of our narrative now leads us to the chamber of John Adderly. The lawyer is seated in an easy, stuffed leather chair, in deep thought, while his fingers are mechanically beating the time of some tune, of which his mind takes no cognizance. From this reverie, he is suddenly aroused by the entrance of a clumsy, thick set man, with heavy eye-brows, and harsh irregular features, rendered even more forbidding by the evident effects of riotous excesses, and a course of continued inebriety. Welcoming the newcomer with a mixed gesture of familiarity and hauteur, Adderly thus began:

"Ford, when I succeeded in obtaining your acquittal from the serious affair in which you were last engaged, you swore you were bound to me forever, and that if at any time I should need a clear wit and a ready hand, I might command your services. The time has at length come, are you willing to aid me.

Why, lawyer, do you see, in the first place, I might as well say yes, without asking any question, and then again, p'raps it would be better to say nuthin, until I knows what the job is—cos, as a body might say, its not altogether pleasant for a man to be runnin' his head into a noose, and not know nuthin' at all about it until it gits there. So, if you'll just give me a little light upon what's to be done, so I'll soon tell you whether I'll do it or no.

Pshaw! it is a mere trifle I ask of you—only to assist me in running away with a girl.

Oh, if that's all, I'll serve you with the greatest pleasure imaginable. Who is the creetur?

Is it of any consequence that you should know her name?

Why, no, it don't make any much difference; but what are you going to do with her after we have carried he off?

Marry her.

What—really?

Certainly.

Then where's the use of runnin' away with her at all? why not marry her here, and save all further trouble about it?

Because she will not consent.

Oh! then, you want to make her your wife, willy nilly, as somebody says—well I don't care if I help you—of course you'll pay all expenses?

Assuredly.

And give me something in the bargain for my trouble, eh?

Yes, provided we succeed.

I'm agreed. When do we begin?

Come this way, and I will tell you more—and Adlerly took the arm of the ruffian, and conducted him to an inner chamber, where the nefarious scheme of abduction might be concerted with less fear of being overheard by others.

Once more we revert to Mary Winterfield. Fully resolved to release her father, even at the expense of her own happiness, Mary waited until the hour at which Mr. Tresham usually retired from business, and then, with a faltering step, but a resolute will, she sought the way to his house. He was at home, and a few minutes sufficed to conduct her to his presence. When there, however, placed in the peculiar position in which she felt herself, it required a more than ordinary degree of self-command to enable her to subdue her feelings to the bitter task she had imposed upon herself. Mr. Tresham, however, who had watched the varying color of her cheek, imagining her unwell, had with considerate kindness placed a chair within her reach, and bidding her be seated, he paused for a few moments to allow her agitation to subside before he opened the conversation.

I beg your pardon, my dear young lady, your name is——

Winterfield, sir—Mary Winterfield, the daughter of Adam Winterfield.

And the betrothed of my son—Hum! a pretty couple you are to think of getting married without a dollar between you.

Of that, sir, it is now too late to repent, whatever our thoughts may have been; however during past happiness we may have shut our eyes to the future, the pain of the present is I trust a sufficient compensation for our mutual folly. I am no longer the betrothed of your son—he is now free to obey your will in all things. May he be happy, for a nobler heart never beat in manlier bosom.

So you have rejected Sid, eh! What has impelled you to do this?

Your own words to your son this morning, sir, and a sense of duty to my father. You were once friends, and mutual obligations have passed between you. A few bitter words, though they may have parted you for years, yet they cannot have erased the sentiments of friendship you previously entertained towards each other. Oh, sir! if there is any spark of that friendship remaining, let it now plead in your heart, and if years of toil, on my part, can afford any return for the service I require—do it, and I will be your willing slave.

No wonder my Sid loved this girl, murmured the merchant to himself, then turning to Mary he said,

Did you love my son?

Mary made no reply, but sinking back in her chair, burst into tears.

I beg your pardon my dear young lady, but if—if I had thought that—that—pshaw! I am an old fool! do you think you could make it convenient to call here this evening?

At what time, sir?

At six o'clock—no, say eight—it will not be too dark, will it?

I do not mind the darkness, sir. I will be here.

* * * * *

The town clock had just struck eight, when two figures were seen rapidly turning the corner of an unfrequented street, and seeking a hiding place in the shadow of the angle.

Was that her, lawyer?

Yes! keep your eyes upon her as she approaches—such a chance may never offer again.

Aye, aye—leave me alone. She shant escape, I warrant me.

Where did you leave the chaise, Ford?

About a square off,—but don't ask questions now: its so dusky from the glimmer of those oil lamps, that it is barely possible to keep sight of the girl.

While these two worthies were intent upon their victim, a third person had approached unconsciously within hearing, and distinguishing the tones of Adderly, he stopped to listen, when, having heard sufficient to induce him to remain and watch, he threw himself into the shadow of a door way hard by, and patiently awaited the result.

Now, now, said Adderly, as the figure of a female became more perceptible in the darkness.

Not yet, lawyer, whispered Ford, I knows when; don't you see the long run I should have towards her would frighten her, and then may be she'd scream—no, no, wait till she comes nearer.

Well, well, as you please—only if you miss her—

Never fear—I knows what's what—now for it,

Both of them dashed forward at the same instant, but one, of whom they little dreamed, was at their heels—there was a muffled scream, a sound of heavy blows, and the groans as of wounded men—and when the alarmed inhabitants rushed out with lights to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, they found two men on the ground bleeding—the maiden who had been rescued from their grasp was Mary Winterfield, and her rescuer, was rough, honest-hearted Jackson.

Where will you permit me to have you conveyed, Miss Winterfield? inquired Jackson.

To Mr. Tresham's, replied Mary, and fainted.

* * * * *

When Mary recovered her senses, she found herself in a brilliantly lighted apartment, and to her astonishment and passionate joy, the first face she recognized was that of her father bending anxiously over her.

My father!

My dear, dear child!—and in another instant they were folded in a warm embrace.

Well, young lady, is there no one else here with whom you have been previously acquainted? Come forward Sid, and let me introduce you. Mary saw at a glance that all had been explained, and as her eyes encountered the fervent gaze of him who was her heart's idol, she blushed, but could not speak for excess of joy.

Here Sid, said Mr. Tresham, taking the unresisting hand of the fair girl—take her with my hearty consent—she is worthy of being any man's daughter. I am proud of your choice; bless you, my children, bless you!—may you never know sorrow.

The eyes of both fathers were filled with tears, but a happier party never passed a summer's evening together.

A short time subsequent to the events above narrated, we saw, in the papers of the day, an announcement of marriage between—cannot the reader guess who?

Judge White's Speech,

Delivered at a Public Dinner, given him at Knoxville, Wednesday, August 1, 1833.

Fellow Citizens: I accept your invitation, not so much to partake of your hospitality, as to thank you, in great sincerity, for your continued confidence and support. You have been to me an impenetrable shield against calumniators and enemies.

After an absence of twelve months, with but little intermission, I am again among my constituents. Thanks to a kind Providence and to mine enemies, I am in good health, ready and willing to converse with you on all that has passed, and is likely to happen. My political enemies sought to destroy me; they fancied it an easy task; more of life was left than they or I supposed; their unjust attacks revived energies, which I, myself, believed were extinct, and, to all appearance, they have renewed my life's lease for some ten or twenty years.

I am not only here, but in good health; and although the two last sessions of Congress were among the most laborious I have ever served, I have no want of health to plead for any deficiency you may find in the performance of my official duties. I am grateful to Providence, and proud before you in the belief, that I have not been that simple automaton which, by the official organ, I was represented to be, capable only of saying yea or nay to the different questions presented to the Senate for decision.

The labors of Congress, both at the called and regular session, have been arduous; and although but few laws, of a general nature, have been passed, yet it has not been from inattention to the great interests of the country. There was a continued struggle between the Executive and Congress; the first wishing to obtain an unlimited discretionary power and control over the moneys belonging to the public; the latter anxiously endeavoring so to provide as to have them safely kept and secured, in such manner as to make them applicable at all times to the wants of the public. To the opposition in the House of Representatives the credit is due of preventing the moneyed power from being, in due form, added to the other powers of the Executive.

Shortly after I entered your service in the Senate, the great controversy commenced which ended in *ousting* the then incumbent, and placing the late Chief Magistrate in the Executive Chair. The principles for which you and I contended, and which we successfully maintained, ought never to be forgotten, and cannot be too often recurred to. We contended that the powers of the Executive were too great, and ought to be reduced, and limited by law: that the expenditures of the government were extravagant, and ought to be reduced: that it was a crime in the President, or any officer under him, to use his official station to influence the people in elections: that all monies which came into the Treasury beyond those which were necessary to defray the economical expenses of the government, ought to be returned to the people, who were the true and legitimate owners: and we solemnly pledged ourselves, in the face of the civilized world, that if we could obtain place and power, retrenchment and reform should be the order of the day; that the Augean stable should be thoroughly swept out and cleansed.

Emblematic of what we intended to accomplish we chose for our motto the broom; not one of the common material, but the Hickory broom. Hickory when young, is of all descriptions of wood the most *tough, strong*, and *durable*, but when old and *worm* eaten, the most brittle and *worthless*. Confiding in the sincerity of our professions, the sovereign people, through the ballot box, placed our political friends in power, and, after a most solemn and formal renewal of our pledges, we commenced our operations, and, for the first four years, I believed we were making some head-way. We had checked internal improvement within the states by mere Federal power, by vetoing the Maysville Road Bill, and by vetoing a bill to re-charter the Bank of the United States; but when the second four years of our term commenced, then commenced also a controversy upon the question, who should succeed the then Chief Magistrate. For one, I kept on, endeavoring to accomplish the task we had undertaken; but, the more we swept the dirtier the stable became, and eventually we found our *broom* would not perform its office; the political moths and worms had got into it, and had eaten the splits so badly, that the moment we attempted to sweep, they broke off, and, finally, when the second four years ended, and we came to look into the Augean stable, we found it ten times as full of *litter* and *filth* as it was when we commenced our operations.

In the Senate we made an effort to pass, and did actually pass, a bill to limit the power of the Executive in removals from office. This bill was precisely similar to one reported by a committee of which I was a member, while Mr. Adams was in office. So far as I knew, it was then approved by the whole political party to which I belonged; I therefore gave it all the support in my power, and made in favor of it what I thought the best speech I had ever made in Congress. But, alas! when we came to take the vote, had it not been for Col. Benton, who with difficulty voted for it, of all my old *democratic friends*, I would have been found "solitary and alone" in its support. For this vote and this speech I have never been forgiven by those in power. I was excommunicated. That which was *sound democracy* when Mr. *Adams* was in power, was in their opinion rank Federalism in the days of his successor. They did right to excommunicate me. It was a mistake to suppose I ever belonged to such a set of *changelings*. I had been in earnest in my professions, and wished to carry them out in practice. You know what sort of a democrat I am. I claim to be a republican of the Jefferson school—such an one as my God and my education have made me. Modern Democrats are a different sect entirely. They are made at any time the Federal Executive needs them. He makes a modern democrat out of an old Federalist, or any other worse material. You and I both know some that, not many years since, were made out of anti-war federalists, so rank that, during the late war, the young men had thoughts of soaking them in the tan-vats, on account of their tory sentiments. The process is a very simple one; the President has a political jar ready filled with yellow metal, and by rubbing well the candidate for Democracy with this metal, his views and principles are entirely changed, and he immediately becomes a fit communicant of the modern church. Away with such democrats! they cannot and will not long deceive the people. Ere long it will be found by all, that while this sect have democracy on their lips, at heart they are tyrants and despots.

For what did you and I toil and labor to displace Mr. Adams? It was that we might bring back the practice of the government to sound Jeffersonian principles—to an economical expenditure of the public money. Before the second term of his successor had expired, some of my political friends believed my humble name ought to be presented to the people as a candidate for the high station he filled. Some in this assemblage well know I remonstrated against this use of my name, and foretold that, with my limited capacity and humble pretensions, no hope of success sought to be entertained. They thought differently. I did not and would not yield my assent until informed that the Federal Executive had threatened that if I did permit the use of my name, I should be rendered *odious to society*. This threat answered a purpose that the persuasion of friends could not. *Despotic power* never has governed and never shall govern me. My name was given to the public, and should have been, if the act had lost me the good opinion of every political friend I had upon earth, and, I might almost add, if it had even endangered the good opinion of my wife and children. The result is known to us all. The Administration did its worst. Its thousand presses were opened upon me and my friends; and here I am, in better health, and I think entitled to more character than when they commenced upon me. Still, let no man scorn the power of the press. To withstand its influence is a perilous effort. I have made the experiment, and now assure you that I should feel less risk in to-morrow shouldering my musket and knapsack, and marching to the swamps of Florida for a six month's campaign against the Seminoles, than encountering such incessant discharges of calumny and slander from all the presses which an American Executive has the power to bring into action.

In this conflict, you, the freemen of Tennessee, were my shield. The poisoned arrows of my enemies have fallen harmless at my feet. I have sustained no injury, and your firmness has given a brilliancy to the star which glitters to the name of Tennessee, of which we may all be proud.

For one, I am quite satisfied with the result. Let none suppose I am either disappointed or mortified. Still more, all may be assured that, with my consent, my name will never be used for any office whatever. If I ever had any aspirations for high office, time has put an end to them. I am not so old yet as to have the childish belief that my vigor of body and mind are to last always. In all the stations I have yet occupied, I have been enabled so to acquit myself as never to mortify my friends. Humble as my pretensions are, I have sometimes been placed in high office, as the associate of some who have had much character among men; many of you were witnesses of the manner in which our official duties were discharged, and I am proud in the belief that my reputation has never suffered by any comparison. My hope and prayer is, that I may have discretion enough to surrender even my present station, before I am so enfeebled, either in body or mind, as to make it necessary for the interest of Tennessee to hiss me from the stage.

The late Executive, then, has had his will carried into effect by the vote of the American people. They who have listened to his statements, "that the whole value of his Administration would be lost, unless Mr. Van Buren was elected to carry out his unfinished measures." The appointee of the late President has been elected to "finish his unfinished business." My friends, is he not getting through it with a rapidity which you did not anticipate? From the height of prosperity, in about six months from the day of his inauguration, the country was brought to a state of an unexampled embarrassment. Should he keep on in his ill-advised course, he will have performed his allotted task long before the laps of his four years. The great interest of the country will be all *sacrificed*, and, by an addition of the moneyed power of the Government, in an organized form, to the powers already possessed by the Federal Executive, the liberty of the people will be near its termination. Do not deceive yourselves by thinking that the Executive project for uniting the purse with the sword is to be abandoned. No such thing. It will be renewed again and again, so long as the most distant hope of success continues. The present Executive knows full well he has no distinctive character of his own. That he must conform to the will and wish of those who placed him in his present high situation. He knows the means by which he acquired it, and must act out his part. Remember that the miserable Lizard can reach the pinnacle of the same spire on which the Eagle proudly perches himself; but the process by which he reaches it is very different. The latter, trusting to his native strength and his own good wings, fearlessly soars aloft, and proudly perches himself on the summit, in view of all the beholders. While the other degraded reptile, stealthily and cautiously creeps up, clinging to, and ascending that side of the column which will best screen him from observation, until he reaches the pinnacle, and then slily peeps over, ready to shrink back when he finds himself discovered. Do you ask what then is to be done when a political Lizard has taken possession of the station which ought alone to be occupied by the Eagle? My answer is ready. Through the ballot-boxes keep steadily switching him until he descends to that level which it is the interest of mankind he should occupy.

It is useless to deny the fact, it is undeniably true, that, notwithstanding all the promises, professions, and pledges of the late Administration, the Executive branch of the Government has become a piece of mere party machinery, operating in all elections, both State and Federal. Some few years since, on the centenary birth day of Gen. WASHINGTON, it was beautifully said by one of our most distinguished men, "that whenever our Government became a party machine, the liberties of the country could not be preserved; that the Government could by law protect men against murder, but not against suicide." There is, however, but one remedy in either case. Take from the individual the razor with which he is about to cut his throat, and he is for the present safe against suicide. In the same way, when you find those in possession of the Executive power using it as the machine of political suicide, take away the means of mischief, and you prevent political suicide. Take from them their offices, and place them in hands more worthy, and the republic may yet be saved.

The late Administration came in on the question of reform and retrenchment of expenditures. Pray, what abuse has been corrected? Not one! What retrenchment has taken place? None. Abuses have been multiplied, and expenditures have been increased. Mr. Adams was turned out because he was expending from twelve to thirteen millions of dollars per year, and now we are expending from thirty-five to forty millions per annum. Can any man be so stupid as not to see this is all wrong? Can the

babble of Democracy sanctify such a course? Partisans may sing Democracy until like the locusts, their backs are split, but it will not satisfy the people. We must be taught two things, and that speedily. We must have a *sound currency*, and the Government *must expend less money*.

There is a constant press to increase offices, and to increase salaries. Can any friend of the Administration put his finger upon any message, specifying the office to be abolished, or the salary to be decreased? Yet they prate of Democracy. A short time since, we had a great struggle to know what should be done with surplus money in the Treasury. Now the struggle is to know how to raise enough to keep the Government in motion. That which we had is all gone. Our currency is destroyed, and with it the commerce of the country. Our sources of revenue are the sales of public lands and duties upon importations of goods. While the currency is deranged, both these sources of revenue are drying up, and we are without revenue to supply actual wants; and what have we resorted to? To making paper money—to issuing Treasury notes. A short time since, we and our families were to be made glad by peeping at our Benton yellow jackets that were peeping through our purses at us; but what now have we? Nothing but yellow-backed Treasury notes, intended to supply the double purpose of a deficit in the Treasury, and a circulating medium.

Since the first of September last we have authorised the issuing of Treasury notes; and why? Because we needed money, and have it not. The credit of the United States is good, and we have an express power to *borrow* money; but if we borrow, the public will see that a national debt is contracting, and will inquire into expenditures, therefore the administration prefer resorting to treasury notes. They appear to cost nothing, and, if tolerated, extravagant expenditures may be continued without alarm to the public. This contrivance ought to be nipped in the bud. Treasury notes are unconstitutional, except when used as a means to procure a loan. Bills of credit cannot be issued as a *currency*, by either federal or state authority. If tolerated, we will soon have an extravagant government, and a *depreciated paper currency*. Whenever an amount of Treasury notes is issued, *as a currency*, beyond the duties and sales of public lands, they must and will depreciate, and the mass of people are to be the sufferers. Against these issues I have raised my voice, and recorded my votes, and shall continue to do so.

You are ready to ask me, what is a remedy for the evils under which the country labors? I tell you plainly, the remedy must be found in a firm and manly exercise of the elective franchise. Vote for no man who will not firmly and fearlessly exert himself to prevent those now in power from accomplishing the purposes they have in view, and when the time arrives, let us exert ourselves to displace the present Chief Magistrate. I may be asked who will you put in his place? Is he not one of your original party, and will you go against a man of your own principles? In all sincerity I will answer these questions. In the first place, then, I say, at present, I do not know who we ought to endeavor to put in the place of the present incumbent. Two years and more are to elapse before the election. Previous to that time, every man whose name has been mentioned as a probable candidate may be removed from the stage of action, or matters may be disclosed in relation to them which may change entirely our opinions of their character and qualifications. There is only one thing on this subject upon which my mind is at rest, and that is, for the present incumbent I will never vote while I entertain the same opinion of him that I now do. I have now the same politics, and the same political objects to accomplish, which I had in 1828, when you and I successfully exerted ourselves to elect the late Chief Magistrate. Towards the accomplishment of these objects we have made no progress whatever. We have been deceived and disappointed, and, in my opinion, the present incumbent has been the chief instrument in effecting this deception and disappointment. To continue him longer in office would, therefore, be giving up all wish for those improvements in our public affairs, which I believe the interests of the country pressingly require. Before the time of election arrives, some man, not now thought of as a candidate, holding political opinions similar to my own, may be brought before the public with a reasonable prospect of success. In that event, he shall have my cordial support. Although much has been said during the last session of Congress on the subject of the next election, yet I have taken no part in it, either directly or indirectly, and to no one of those spoken of as candidates have I in any degree committed myself. I am now as free to make my choice as any one of you can be.

I have, however, reflected on this subject in all its bearings and contingencies, and am free to state that, from present indications, I think it most probable Mr. Van Buren will be a candidate for re-election, and that he will be opposed by some one only of the old opposition—very probably Mr. Clay. In that event, I have asked myself the question, what course ought I to pursue?

For Mr. Van Buren I have already said I never can, and never will vote, if he pursues the course pursued for the last few years. My motto is "not words but deeds." I judge of him by what he has done, and caused to be done, and not by what he has professed. It is true he has professed, at times, to belong to the same political party to which I have ever adhered: but his practice has on no one point corresponded with that profession. He is a tariff man, and voted for that most odious of all our tariffs—that of 1828. I am against all tariffs for protection merely. He is for internal improvements by the Federal Government where the object is what he calls national, and actually voted for the erection of toll-gates on the Cumberland road. I deny that the Federal Government possesses any such power within the states. He is against a National Bank, and so am I; but then he goes for a Treasury bank, which I think much worse than a National Bank, by incorporating stockholders. He is for increasing Executive power and patronage. I am for diminishing and limiting them. He is in favor of the Federal Executive and officers under him using their power to influence public opinion in elections. I am decidedly opposed to any such practices. He is in favor of the Chief Magistrate, in office, selecting his successor and using all his influence to have him elected. I think such a practice calculated to convert our republic into a monarchy, and therefore believe no man ought to be President who holds such doctrine. It is useless now to pursue this contrast any further. You will readily perceive it is an entire mistake to suppose we ever belonged to the same party; yet it is true we once nominally did. He came into it, and gave his support at rather a late day, when, possibly, he believed we would succeed whether he joined us or not.

To him I have still another objection. He did not come into office upon any character of his own, and no man is fit for the station he now occupies unless he attains it upon the strength of his own principles and character. He is nothing but a mere tuft of political misletoe, having no root of his own, adhering to, and supported by, the limb of a distinct trunk altogether, and must as infallibly perish whenever that trunk ceases to nourish him, as the tuft on yonder oak, whenever that oak shall have decayed and fallen.

The question then recurs, should Mr. Clay be the opposing candidate, what ought I to do?

I answer, I ought to exercise my right of suffrage so as most to promote the public welfare. I am entirely opposed to following the example of throwing away my vote, because the community will neither select me, nor the man of my choice. It is my duty deliberately and impartially to compare the principles and characters of those between whom the choice is to be made, and vote according to my best judgment. Permit me then, for a few moments, to draw your attention to a contrast between these two gentlemen.

Mr. Van Buren is in favor of a protective tariff, and voted for that of 1828. Mr. Clay is also in favor of a protective tariff, but did not vote for that of 1828. He is the author of the compromise act of 1832, which settles the question to the satisfaction of the country at large, and which he believes ought not to be disturbed.

Mr. Clay thinks the Federal Government has the power to make internal improvements within the states, but ought not to exercise the power, except upon an object of general or national utility: and that now, as the states have taken up the business of internal improvement, the Federal Government ought not to meddle with it, but rather aid the states with means by distributing, when our funds will admit, the proceeds of the public lands. Mr. Van Buren thinks the Federal Government can and ought to make internal improvements when the object is national, but has no such power when the object is local. This opinion I think is no more exceptionable than that of Mr. Clay, because, under it, the President has a discretionary power to make improvements where he pleases by calling the objects national, and refusing them at pleasure by calling the objects local.

Mr. Clay thinks we have the power to charter a national bank, and that we ought to exercise it. Mr. Van Buren is against a national bank, but is in favor of a Treasury bank. This last is, in my judgment, the most dangerous opinion. One great objection to incorporating a national bank is a fear that the directors and president might co-operate in elections; and, if they did, that moneyed power *united with Executive patronage* would be an overmatch for any power in the hands of the people. Now, in case of a national bank owned by stockholders, this union might or might not take place; but in case of a Treasury Bank, the *union is certain, and every thing is in due form of law put into the power of the President.*

Even upon these great leading points, I think Mr. Clay greatly preferable to Mr. Van Buren; but the contrast ought not to stop here.

Mr. Van Buren is in favor of Executive power and patronage in its very worst forms and ramifications. Mr. Clay is in favor of reducing and limiting it by law.

In a few words I must state, that I think the great difference between the men is, that Mr. Van Buren will *profess* any opinions which will *gain* him most votes in an election; and that when elected, will practice on whatever principles will *give* to him and his partisans the *most money*, without any regard to the great interests of the country. That Mr. Clay is a bold, ambitious, frank, and talented man. That if in office he would be ambitious so as to administer the Government as to make for himself the reputation of a great man, in the estimation of the enlightened men in his own day, and of posterity in all time to come.

I have thus frankly stated to you my opinions in relation to these men. I have done so more willingly, because I am under no obligations to either, nor have I any thing to hope from them.

It has been the fashion with you, and with me, to endeavor to put down and keep down Mr. Clay, in times past. In turn, he has helped to put and keep me down. His *third* candidate for the Presidency furnished the only arguments which enabled the late Chief Magistrate to transfer the Southern States to his candidate. For this I care not. I had no claims on Mr. Clay. On several great questions we had ever disagreed, and still do. Should I support him in the coming contest, it will not be because I have changed or intend to change my principles; but because I like his better than I do those of Mr. Van Buren, and because, should he be elected, I expect much benefit to the country; but not all I would expect by electing a candidate with whom I accorded in opinion upon all great questions.

Be it therefore remembered, that if I sustain Mr. Clay, neither he nor his friends are to believe for a moment that I surrender any one of my political principles. Far otherwise; I will retain them all; and should I still be in the Senate, if he were elected, and attempted to carry out any principle in which I have disagreed with him, he would find, in me, the same opposition I have ever manifested.

In voting in elections, as in the discharge of every other duty to society, it is my business to do all the good I can, and, if I cannot get a candidate to vote for who comes up to my political standard, to select that one who comes nearest to it.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: I thank you for your continued confidence and good opinion; I thank you for the patient manner in which you have given me your attention. Had I the voice now which I had when, forty-two years ago, I first addressed my countrymen on yonder hill, [pointing to the Court House] you would have been enabled to hear me without huddling together in so small a compass; but your kindness can always remedy my imperfections. I ask you to join me in the sentiment, which I will now read, and pass to your President, to be proposed as one nearest to my heart:—

"*Tennessee*"—May she ever adhere to her own principles. Remain too honest to be purchased, too well informed to be mislead, and too unyielded to be subdued. In every struggle between parties, may her sons rally, as a body guard, to protect the Constitution.

Trial of three Negroes for the Murder of Mr. Mayse's children, in Bath county, Va.—Shocking Particulars.

The Staunton, Va. Spectator of Thursday last contains the particulars of the trial of the three slaves Andrew, Lucinda and Caroline, for the murder of the two children of their master, Mr. Mayse of Bath county, Va.

Some account of the murder has already been given to the public. On Friday the 10th of August, two little daughters of Mr. Mayse, one aged something more than seven years, and the other probably from 12 to 18 months younger, who had been going to school for some time, about three quarters of a mile from the father's house, having failed to return home at the usual time, their mother became uneasy at their delay, and caused a search to be made for them, supposing they had strayed off for the purpose of gathering wild berries and had lost their way. Her alarm was increased by the fact that her husband was absent at the Hot Springs, and the night was fast approaching.

For some time the search was unsuccessful, but at length the children were found lying dead, near the road by which their father must necessarily pass on his return home, with their throats cut from ear to ear. Suspicion soon attached to three negroes, viz: a man named Andrew, a woman named Lucinda, and a girl about 14 years old, named Caroline, all of whom belonged to Mr. Mayse. A coroner's inquest was held over the bodies, and a great deal of testimony was examined, which so confirmed the previous suspicions, that the negroes were arrested and committed to jail, and a warrant issued to convene a court for their trial on the 22nd of August. Immediately after the arrest, Caroline, the girl, made a disclosure, criminating Lucinda who was her own mother, and the man named Andrew.

On the trial which took place on the day above mentioned, two of the accused, Andrew and Lucinda, were separately arraigned, and the girl Caroline was brought forward as a witness. Her testimony was to the following purport:

On the evening of the murder, Lucinda, her mother, left the house of her master, for the ostensible purpose of gathering blackberries. As she went from the house she told the witness that she must go down towards the school house, and meet the children, as they came from school, and bring them up to the gate over the hill, and that she would show them another blackberry patch. The witness accordingly took the child of Mr. Mayse which she was nursing, about fifteen months old, and went towards the school house, until she met the children on their return home.

She readily persuaded them to accompany her to the place designated, which was about 400 yards from the house of Mr. Mayse, on the road, and near the gate which led into one of his fields. The ground on one side of the road, at this point, was in a forest, and on the other was cleared, with the exception of bushes, which had grown up in the field. The situation was quite public for that remote section of the country, as the road was occasionally a good deal travelled.

When the witness reached the point designated she found the prisoners Lucinda and Andrew, waiting for them, the latter leaning on the fence, with his shirt sleeves rolled up to his shoulders. Almost immediately upon their reaching the spot, Lucinda seized the eldest child, who, finding herself so roughly handled, begged Lucinda not to hurt her, as she had never done her any harm. Lucinda made no reply to this prayer for mercy, but catching hold of the head of her victim she drew it violently back so as to leave the throat fully exposed, and standing behind her held her firmly in this position until Andrew with a single stroke of a shoemaker's knife cut her throat almost from ear to ear.

Lucinda then relinquished her hold, and the poor little innocent with its eyes rolled upwards in agony, and with uplifted hands, staggered forward describing in her course a half circle, with the blood spouting from every vain and artery, until she fell prostrate upon her face and expired without a groan. The other little victim, terrified beyond expression at the horrible scene which she had just witnessed, fled into a corner of the fence, and with outstretched arms implored for mercy. But she might as well have appealed to hungry tigers. Andrew rushed upon her, dragged her forth from her place of refuge, and handed her over to Lucinda, who held her in the same position in which her sister had met her horrible fate, and Andrew, with the same instrument of death, to use the language of the witness, "sawed at her neck for some time" until the head was almost severed from the body, and she fell dead without a struggle.

The witness stated that she then ran away to the house, and did not know what the prisoners did or where they went for some time afterwards.

This dreadful narrative of the witness was sustained by all the circumstantial evidence in the case, and by the testimony of all the other witnesses as to the collateral facts.

Words cannot describe the feelings which was produced upon the bystanders as this dreadful narration progressed, particularly as the father and the mother of the murdered children were obliged to be present. The deepest emotion pervaded the whole audience. The counsel were so much affected as to be compelled from time to time to suspend the examination, and the poor mother was so convulsed with agony, that she was obliged to be supported, half fainting, and sobbing as if her heart would break, from the court house.

A number of witnesses were examined, whose testimony went to establish the guilt of the prisoners, and the court accordingly pronounced them guilty. The girl Caroline was subsequently arraigned and tried. In consideration of her youth and of the full disclosure she had made, and from a regard to public policy, as well as from the inconclusive nature of the testimony, independently of her own evidence, the court acquitted Caroline, but bound her master over in the penalty of $2000 for her good behavior, or in other words for her transportation.

The two negroes convicted of the murder are to be executed on the 25th instant.

From the New York Express.

THE ONE-MAN POWER.

For many years past the executive power of this government has been stretching itself to its utmost extension, in order to expand and to amplify its powers. The first great stride was in the assumption of the power of removal, by creating vacancies on purpose to fill them with partisans. From the moment this blow was struck, the Executive assumed an undue and dangerous power to the Constitution, and from this assumption has resulted all our woes. The balance of the powers of the government was thus disordered. When the Executive said, "*I take the responsibility*," or sent his protests to the Senate, or demanded an *expunging of its records*, his one hundred office holders became his body guard to cry "All Hail!" "Well done!" "This is right," and afterwards this body guard drilled the people for a while into a compliance with the will of their lord and master. Thus, that power in the organization of the government which cost our forefathers the most difficulty to make compatible with our republican institutions, at once rode over and rode down these institutions, and the *sic volo sic jubeo* of the one-man power of the government, became the law of the land, converging in himself, as the "representative of the people, the power of the Senate, and of the House, even aiming at that time a death blow at the judiciary, when, as in this case, it was contended that the Executive had the power to strike dead the process of the court, by removing the Marshal in whose hand the process was.

The amazing popularity of General Jackson, a popularity only equalled by the fanaticism of the soldiers of Mahomet for their chief, or of Buonaparte for theirs, for awhile sanctioned all these things. The friends of constitution, law and order resisted this fanaticism; but so often in vain, that for awhile many were induced to believe that the same destiny—of the multitude ruled by one man—of executive despotism, defying popular rights, and pupular constitutions—a destiny miserably ruling three-fourths of the globe, was coming upon us. Our fate being about to be the common fate of mankind—*subjection to the will of one man.*

The moment, however, Mr. Van Buren took General Jackson's place, the charm of military glory and of the bold dashing chieftain, was immediately dissolved. The common sense of Americans regained its empire with an amazing rapidity. The steps Gen. Jackson took, popular enthusiasm allowed, but it allows no other man to travel in these steps, but to retrace them. The ass in the lion's skin is only kicked out when he apes the lion's roar. Mr. Van Buren, however, has fancied himself to be Gen. Jackson, and therein is his great mistake. But General Jackson took the responsibility to do what he pleased, even to construe the constitution as he understood it, without regard to the combinations of precedent or principle. Mr. Van Buren reasoned, "I can do the same," and never man made a greater mistake.

In pursuance of General Jackson's aim of aggrandizing the Executive power, Mr. Van Buren has not only walked in his footsteps, but has attempted to leap beyond them, and in taking the leap, he has leaped to the bottomless pit of destruction. The sub-treasury scheme was but Asiatic or African despotism—the contrivances of despots there, for the custody of the taxes their sub-treasurers extorted from subjects, modelized a little to suit the American despotic plan. Of all schemes of despotic infamy—of all the rascally inventions of despotism to manacle mankind in slavery to the *one man power*, Silas Wright's device of the abrogation of all law for the custody of the public purse, was the worst, the very worst. The proposition was to tax the mass, and then to deposit all the revenues of sixteen millions of people with a Treasurer, whom the Executive assumes the power to remove from office any hour he wills. The proposition was a complete union of the army and navy power, and the public purse in *one man;* thus realizing the most perfect definition of despotism! It matters not whether such a one-man power be called President or King, a Queen, an Emperor, First Consul, Sultan, Sheik, or Shak, it is unmitigated, horrible despotism! Beware of it then. It is the besetting sin of a Republic. The one-man power holds nine-tenths of the human race in slavery. The United States is the only Republic of importance. Beware, we cry again, *beware* of this ONE MAN POWER.

From the Boston Post.

It is very easy to find fault with a newspaper, but not quite so easy to find an exceptionable one. We have often been amused to hear a person describe such a paper as *he* would like, a very excellent model, to be sure, but one, unfortunately, which neither *he*, nor any other being as imperfect as man, could produce. We have heard a politician, who never did any thing for his party except to vote for its candidates, and that only when *he* was one of them—denounce every press devoted to the same cause. Some were too rank; some too dull; some too gay; some too violent; some too tame; some too bigoted; some too liberal; some devoted too much space to light reading; some were always sermonizing; some published too much about theatres; some never attended to the passing events around them, &c. &c., and for these reasons he never subscribed for a daily journal in his life, but was forever lounging about insurance offices and public rooms to read, and abuse, all he could lay his hands on, while his family at home were continually borrowing their neighbors' before the owners had the opportunity to look at them. Your straight-forward politician, who acts from honest and disinterested motives, does not grumble at his paper; he reads it with a relish, as a man in good health eats his food; but your meagre, dyspeptic, selfish, demagogue, who is living upon the hope of one day getting his nose into the public crib, or *has already got it there*, and is trembling with fear lest it be thrust aside, grunts and groans at every paragraph which does not appear to have a tendency to advance his personal views; yet as he and his desires are alike compatible, they are rarely, if ever, thought of by an editor, and hence *no paper suits him*. We have heard muttonheaded fellows; men who could'nt write an account of a marriage correctly; complain of a lack of *able* articles in the public press; they wanted something deeper and stronger. Lake Superior wasn't large enough for these minnows; they could only find room in the Atlantic; while sensible and well-informed men, who knew how to appreciate mental labor, were filled with admiration and wonder at the power and copiousness of the contents of the daily express.

After all, however, there is this consolation; active, intelligent and valuable politicians; those who do the work and produce the result, and take and *pay* for newspapers; those who contribute to their columns, and advise their editors; are not among the grumblers; for the latter are too lazy for exertion, too ignorant to write, and too stupid to advise. The active business man glances over his newspaper: smiles at a pleasant paragraph here; starts at a shipwreck there; looks at the advertisements, the markets, &c., is satisfied, and lays it down, contented to have the news of the day brought to his door for two cents; but the loafer will come in and pour over it for hours, read every line from one corner to the other, ask if he may take it home, and then say "it is very dull, wonder that they don't get up something interesting," and conclude by asking, "*why do you take it?* These are the vermin of society, who are eternally finding fault with the efforts of other people, but have neither energy nor capacity enough to accomplish any good themselves. They exist in all parties and all societies, and deserves the scorn of all. Brother editors, give them a kick.

The following just observations, coming as they do from a decided administration journal, will, it is hoped, sink into the hearts of the party, and exercise over them a beneficial influence. Receive not with distrust the healthy admonitions of your own oracle, because it speaks temperately on a subject upon which you have been accustomed to rant without reason, but give to its wise counsels the ear of your understandings. We know it is asking you to wander far from the tortuous paths of party, but if you will hearken to our admonitions, we will allure you from the brakes of faction into the pleasant of walks of truth.

Wilmington Adv.

"If the establisment of a National Bank is unconstitutional now, which is the ground assumed by many democrats, it was unconstitutional in 1816. And yet the administration, with a large majority of the democratic party, incorporated a Bank of the United States, which a few years before they had refused to do, and which they now refuse to do. And it is more than probable, judging from the signs of the times, that before many years elapse, another change will take place, when all good democrats will be required, on pain of expulsion from the ranks of their party, to be clamorous in favour of a National Bank, as some of our leaders were a few short years ago, or as they are now in opposition to such a measure. The democratic party has erred, and is not now free from error, and never will be, until men are differently constituted; and to insist that every individual in it shall believe precisely what a majority in convention or town meeting shall declare to be right or expedient, is, in our judgment, absurd. Such a party never did exist, and never will.

We are as great sticklers as we ever were for an adherence to party usages and party men—and have shown our sincerity, by uniformly sustaining by our votes, for more than a quarter of a century, the principles and the candidates of the democratic party; and we are too old to change company, and hear strange doctrines advanced, as orthodox democracy. Among these doctrines, the infallibility of the party and the duty of believing in all things as the majority of the party believes, are not the least strange.—But this is the age of improvement; and we do not know why Jeffersonian democracy may not be improved as well as every thing else." *Amer. Sentinel.*

ANECDOTE OF BRANT.

In Colonel Stone's Life of Brant, is the following interesting anecdote of that celebrated Mohawk Chief. The incident occurred while he was sojourning in England and mingling in the fashionable circles of the metropolis:

"During his stay in London, a grand fancy ball, or masquerade, was got up with great splendor and numerously attended by the nobility and gentry. Captain Brant, at the instance of Earl Moira, was also present, richly dressed in the costume of his nation, wearing no mask, but painting one half of his face. His plumes nodded in his cap as though the blood of a hundred Percies coursed through his veins, and his tomahawk glistened in his girdle like burnished silver. There was likewise in the gay and gallant throng a stately Turkish *diplomat* of rank, accompanied by two houris, whose attention was particularly attracted by the grotesque appearance of the chieftain's singular, and, as he supposed, fantastic attire. The pageant was as brilliant as the imagination could desire; but among the whole motley throng of pilgrims and warriors, hermits and shepherds, knights and damsels, there was to the eye of the Mussulman, no character so picturesque and striking as that of the Mohawk; which, being natural, appeared to be the best made up. He scrutinized the chief very closely, and mistaking his *rouge et noir* complexion for a painted virser, the Turk took the liberty of attempting to handle his nose. Brant had, of course watched the workings of his observation, and felt in the humour of a little sport. No sooner, therefore, had the Hassan touched his fiacial point of honor, under the mistaken idea that it was of no better material than the parchment nose of the Strasburgh trumpeter, than the cheiefatin made the hall resound with the appalling war-whoop, and at the same instant the tomahawk leaped from his girdle, and flashed around the astounded Mussulman,s head, as though his good master, the Sultan in a minute more, would be relieved from any future trouble in the matter of taking it off. Such a piercing and frightful cry had never before rang through that *sacon* of fashion; and breakin suddenly and with startling wildness, upon the merry throng, its effect was prodigious. The Turk himself trembled with terror; while the female masquers—the gentle shepherdesses and fortune-telling crones, Turks, Jews, and gipsies, bear leaders and their bears, Falstaffs, friars, Sultans, nurses, and Columbines, shrieked, screamed and scudded away as though the Mohawks had broken into the festive hall in a body. The matter, however, was soon explained; and the incident was accounted as happy in the end as it was adroitly enacted by the good humored Mohawk."

Excellent arrangement.—A practice is adopted by rail roads and steam boats at the South, which should prevail every where. In travelling in Maryland, &c., you deliver your baggage to a man who has special charge of this department. He immediately attaches to it a strap to which is a tin ticket numbered, and gives you a duplicate ticket with a corresponding number. The baggage is not delivered without the presentation of this duplicate ticket; so that the passenger has leisure to take care of the ladies whom he may have in charge, or to look up lodgings, and may then send or call for his baggage.

HILLSBOROUGH.

Thursday, September 20.

☞ The Methodist Camp Meeting at Cedar Grove, will commence on Friday, the 5th of October, and not the 12th, as erroneously supposed by some.

A Methodist Quarterly Meeting will commence in this place on the 13th of October.

NEW SCHOOL DEMOCRATS.

The Van Buren papers, and our neighbor of the Standard among them, are endeavoring to impose upon the people the belief that the Whigs are the real Blue light Hartford Convention alien and sedition law Federalists, while they and the other leading friends of the Administration are the pure, devout and unsophisticated Democrats—the only real Republicans. The boldness of these attempts to impose upon the ignorance and credulity of the people, has given them efficacy with some, but a slight retrospect into the political history of the country will show the matter in its true light.

A correspondent in the last Standard asks, "Where are now these Blue-light Federalists, these Hartford Convention men?" and with a *candor* equaling that of the editor of the Standard himself, answers his own query by consigning them all to the ranks of the Whigs. In doing this, however, he does not condescend to mention the name of one of them; and, as far as the accomplishment of his object is concerned, this omission was doubtless very *prudent*. Such omissions open a door for broad assertions, which are sometimes very useful in a bad cause. They are convenient also, for it is very easy to *say* that the Blue-lights and Federalists and opposers of the last war, are moving spirits among the Whigs, but it might be somewhat difficult to single them out by name.

With all these considerations of prudence, however, we shall have little to do, but will endeavor to throw what light we can upon the question proposed by the correspondent of the Standard: "Where are now the Blue light Federalists and Hartford Convention men?"

The gentlemen whose names are comprised in the following list, have recently been alluded to as men who call themselves, and whom the Administration party call, true "Democratic Republicans"—certainly they do not belong to the Whigs. The reminiscences which these names will call up, may be of some service in elucidating the question proposed, as well as afford means for estimating what value should be attached to the allegations which figure so largely in the Standard and other Administration prints.

1. Roger B. Taney, made Secretary of the Treasury by Gen. Jackson, in place of William J. Duane, for the purpose of removing the deposites; and afterwards appointed Chief Justice of the United States, which place he now occupies. Mr. Taney was a distinguished Federalist, and in 1815 is said to have denounced Mr. Madison "as worthy only of a halter."

2. Charles J. Ingersoll, last year the Democratic candidate for Congress in the county of Philadelphia, and now United States Attorney for Pennsylvania. In a letter to Mr. Binns, June 7th, 1807, Mr. Ingersoll said: "If I had been capable of reason and reflection when the American colonies took up arms against the mother country, I should have been a Tory, nor can I ever consider *that* an appellation of reproach."

3 James Buchanan, a Senator in Congress from Pennsylvania, and ex-minister to Russia, once said, "If I thought I had one drop of Democratic blood in my veins, I would let it out."

4. Garret D. Wall, Senator from New Jersey. At the last session of Congress, in the Senate, Mr. Wall said: "Here, sir, in the presence of the American people, I avow that I was a *Federalist*, and acted with that party, zealously and actively, so long as their flag waved in New Jersey."

5. Ruel Williams, Senator from Maine, in 1812 assisted to burn James Madison in effigy.

6. Henry Hubbard, Senator from N. Hampshire. This Mr. Hubbard was the prime mover in getting up the meeting at which delegates were chosen to the *Hartford Convention* from New Hampshire.

7. Samuel Cushman, member of Congress from New York, during the late war publicly declared that "he hoped to God every American soldier who marched into Canada would *leave his bones there!*"

8. Gouverneur Kemble, and

9. John H Prentiss, Van Buren members of Congress from New York. Mr. Prentiss published a paper at Cooperstown during the late war, from which the following extracts are copied:—

"It is with sensations of indescribable pleasure that I find myself enabled to announce the complete triumph of the Federalists." "If my humble labors in the cause of my native country have produced the change in favor of federalism, in this county, then have I arrived at the *acme* of my hopes, the summit of all my wishes." "The frightful Hydra of Democracy begins to droop its head before the Heaven derived spirit of Federalism." "Democracy! a monster wild as that which roams the Libian waters and joys to drench his tusks in blood—a pestilence that spreads contagion over the whole extent of our country—a pernicious blast that withers every thing it touches"

10. Robert Rantoul, of Beverly, was a member of the legislature of Massachusetts in 1811, 12, 13, 14, 15, and 16, during the last war; was the reviler of Jefferson and Madison; the bitter opposer of the last war; an inveterate foe of democracy; the advocate and defender of the Hartford Convention, and in 1814 as a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts, advocated and voted for the measure.

11. Croswell, editor of the Albany Argus

Is this the Henry Croswell who, in the first year of Mr. Jefferson's administration, under the name of "Robert Rusticoat, esq." issued a sheet from the office of the Balance at Albany or Troy, bearing the title of "the Hornet," the first number of which furnished the foundation for a suit for a libel upon Thomas Jefferson; and in a second number, reversing the order of attack, as "Robert Turncoat, esq." pretended to be wonderfully choaked by the lies which he told in praise of Mr. Jefferson?

All these men (and many others who could be mentioned) are now conspicuous members of the Democratic party, although during the late war they were strenuously opposed to it, used insulting language towards Mr. Madison and bitterly assailed the Democratic party; and yet with a knowledge of these facts, the Standard is, week after week, endeavoring to asperse the Whigs as Blue-lights and Hartford Convention Federalists!

The Wilmington and Raleigh Rail Road Company have opened another section of their road, and the cars now run (55 miles) to the Duplin depot; this, with the 8 miles in use from Halifax to Weldon, makes the entire distance opened 63 miles. During the first week in October, we are officially assured, that the section betweed the Duplin depot and Faison's will be travelled over; and by the 15th of December, 83 miles at this end and twenty miles at the other—making 103. The efforts of this company to expedite the traveller and to lessen his fatigue are rapidly telling, and deserve all commendation. That a little community of 4000 inhabitants should project and execute a continuous line of Rail Road of 173 miles is worthy of the highest praise, and is without a parallel.

The stages ordered some time ago have been received, and in October, a daily line will be run from Wilmington to Halifax, and the Steamboats between this and Charleston, four times per week.

Wilmington Advertiser.

Charleston.—We learn with pain that the cool weather which has prevailed since the 1st September, has increased the number of cases of yellow fever in Charleston, and rendered its character more malignant. *Ibid.*

Fire in Washington.—A considerable amount of property was destroyed by fire, in Washington City, on Sunday before last. The valuable and extensive Printing Establishment of the National Intelligencer was in the greatest danger throughout, and was saved only by the perseevering exertions of the fire companies. Before the fire was completely mastered, two prompt and efficient companies from Alexandria (six miles off) had reached the ground, prepared to render assistance.

Bunker Hill is, in part, to be demolished for the purpose of erecting buildings upon it. The proposed desecration makes a good deal of noise in New England.

We learn from the St. Louis Republican, that Gen. Gaines has issued an order, directing the troops now in garrison at Jefferson Barracks, to march immediately for the council ground, appointed by the Cherokees, in the Indian territory, on the 11th September. The troops are placed under the command of Major B. Riley. The first regiment of Dragoons, stationed at Fort Leavenworth, is also detailed for the expedition. General Gaines will be present at the council in person. *Nat. Intel.*

Henry L. Pinckney has been re-elected Mayor of the city of Charleston, after a sharp contest, having the highest vote out of four candidates.

Aborigines of the Ohio Valley.—Gen. Harrison, whose talents as a statesman and a general are conceded to be of the first order, has long been known to possess literary attainments of no ordinary character. Few men excell him in classical literature, and he has a ready fund of knowledge, derived from ancient as well as modern authors.

We are led to these remarks from having read with great satisfaction a recent discourse from his pen, on the Aborigines of the valley of the Ohio, delivered before the Historical Society of Ohio, and published at their request.

In this, the opinion entertained by Governor Colden, Dr. Franklin, Governor Clinton, and others, that the valley of the Ohio was conquered by the Six Nations, is ably and satisfactorily contested.

American Antiquities are becoming a matter of national interest, and our most learned men are seeking to investigate them. This discourse of Gen. Harrison presents us with facts that are certainly very novel as well as interesting, and his deductions from them are sound. The description of the ruins on the Miami, and the character and causes of the growth of the forest trees found in them, is exceedingly well written, and is of a high cast of thought. The whole discourse discovers great ability, and few men in our nation could have handled the subject with greater skill. It will, unquestionably, make a sensation in Europe among the learned there, and will become a standard work in our own country. America may well be proud of her sons, when in the cabinet, the field, and the closet, she finds them devoted to her honor and interest. We recommend the discourse to our readers, hoping they may be fortunate enough to obtain a copy for perusal. *Albany Daily Adv.*

Invasion of Texas Confirmed.—The rumor of an invasion of the northern portion of Texas, by 300 disaffected Mexicans and 1500 Indians, is corroborated, via Nacogdoches, in the New Orleans slips, of August 28. General Houston, who was at Nacogdoches at the time, ordered out by proclamation 600 of the militia. On August 12th there had already assembled there 400 mounted men, under General Rusk, and more reinforcements were on the way to join him.

Several planters have been killed by the Indians in the vicinity.

The arrival of the papers by the Columbia steamer from Houston, at New Orleans, August 28, confirms the above. The Indians who are attempting the invasion of Texas are said to be disaffected Cherokees from the United States. The Crops look fine in Texas. Vast quantities of corn have been raised. The friends of Col. Grayson, deceased, have met and agreed not to nominate another candidate in opposition to General Lamar. Colonel Karnes has escaped from the hands of the Mexican banditti. Some armed Texians have marched from Velasco and Victoria to take possession of Corpus Christi, and oppose a band of 300 hostile Indians (Tookawais and Lipans) who have been seen near Labacca.

The steamer Warsaw, at Houston, had been converted into a Floating Hotel for that city.

Later accounts from Nachitoches to August say that the insurgents have been quelled. The Texian force, amounting ot 1200 men, having alarmed the disaffected Mexicans, who accordingly submitted. *N. Y. Star.*

Scarcity of Wives in Texas.—A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, writing from Texas as under date of 25th July, says:—

Our Congress has passed a law, granting a bonus of two thirds of a league, or 2962 acres of good land, to every woman who will marry, during the present year, any citizen of this republic who was such at the time of our declaration of independence. The consequence you may easily imagine. Every single lady, young or old, good looking or ugly, has been sought out and brought to the altar, and yet nineteen out of twenty of our bachelors are not only unmarried but unengaged, although their dispositions are the best that can be imagined, and their efforts corresponding.

A few weeks since, a family arrived from Ohio, bringing with them a young woman as a servant. Our young men took it very much in dudgeon that so precious a commodity should remain in a situation so unbecoming and unprofitable, and accordingly held a meeting, at which a considerable sum of money was raised by subscription, with which the young damsel was placed as a boarder in a respectable family. Then they clubbed together and bought a young man's head right of 1481 acres, which they presented to her as dower; and this evening she was married to a respectable planter, who receives with her 2,962 acres in addition, from the government.

Yankee Notion,—A second ark.—The Boston Times says that a gentleman in Dorchester, (Mass.) named Fessenden, "is constructing a vehicle for the purpose of removing his family (nine in number) to the West, on rather a novel plan. It is to be 17 feet in length, 10 feet high, and about 5 feet in width, and is constructed so as to contain accommodation for cooking, sleeping and washing; and after their arrival at Illinois, can be used as a house until one of better proportions can be constructed."

Practical Charity.—The United Society (of Shakers) residing at New Lebanon, Hancock, &c. recently sent, for the relief of the sufferers by the late fire in Hudson, New-York, *twelve* wagon loads containing provisions, beds, clothing, forty-six sheep in the hoof, &c.

The Okefenoke Swamp, on the boundary line between Georgia and Florida, appears to afford a secure hiding place to the straggling Greek Indians who have taken refuge in it since the commission of the frequent murders of the white people on both sides of the line. Precautions have been taken to station bodies of troops at various points around this extensive swamp, for the protection of the inhabitants near it—but their presence does not deter the Indians from sallying out of it and returning through the intervals of the military posts. Of the perfectly impracticable character of the Swamp to soldiers, some idea is afforded from the letter of a mounted volunteer, who thus describes an attempt which was made by Capt. B. L. Beall, of the United States Dragoons, to follow a fresh trail of Indians leading into it:

"On arriving at the edge of the swamp, he discovered it could not be entered on horseback, as his horses mired at the first step. Dismounting his men, he attempted the difficult task of following the path on foot. The description of this progress is of the most disheartening order. The heat was so oppressive as almost to impede respiration. It seemed like a spot where the breeze was forbid to enter, and the rays of the sun, as through a convex glass, poured down with concentrated strength. After traversing for about four miles the trail which consisted of a surface that continually trembled under foot, the ground at last began to give way, and the soldiers frequently sunk to the middle in mud, the stench of which was so intolerable as to induce immediate vomiting. Convinced by sickness himself of the impracticability of continuing the route, Capt. Beall directed a countermarch, and once more gained terra firma, where the shade of the pine and a pure breeze from the North, was hardly sufficient to revive the failing energies of his half poisoned command. Such is the cheering prospect before the white man, who expects to follow on the cunningly devised paths which lead, or seem to lead, to the Indian fastnesses.

French Blockade of Mexico.—The Pensacola Gazette of the 1st instant contains the following intelligence relative to the blockade of the ports of Mexico. A French brig of war which arrived off Vera Cruz, direct from France, after a trip of forty-two days, informed the commandant Bazoche, that an additional force of fifteen vessels and 10,000 men would be sent by the French government to aid in the contemplated attack on Vara Cruz. The brig of war Laperouse still blockaded the port of Tampico.

The sloop of war Nimrod had sailed from Tampico, for Havana and Jamaica, with about $1,000,000 in specie, and large quantity of cochineal and vanilla for the former port. The packet brig Linnet had also left Tampico with about $1,000,000 destined for England.

Destruction of the Russian Fleet.—The London Times has advices from Circassia, which give an account of a catastrophe experienced by the Russian fleet in the Black Sea on the 11th ult. Three ships of the line, two corvetts, five brigs, two steamers, and two smaller craft, have been completely wrecked on the coast, and eleven ships of war stranded, and supposed to be irrecoverable. It was believed that not fewer than thirty Russian ships had been put hors du combat by the hurricane.

The garrison of the fort of Sootcha have made two sorties to protect the wrecks of the two corvettes, was attacked by the natives and compelled to retreat with the loss of 1,000 men out of the 1,100 of which the party had consisted. The Circassians, after plundering the corvettes, set fire to them, and burnt four other vessels under the very guns of the fort.

Mr. Clay and the Abolitionists.—The Abolitionists of New York are taking the field against Mr. *Clay*, and in favor of Mr. *Van Buren*. Every possible effort is made by them to defeat the Whig candidates, on account of their advocacy of Mr. Clay. They *know* Mr. Van Buren; he is "one of them"—identified with them by past association, and insidiously favoring their present designs. Mr. Clay's remarks upon the slavery question are published and republished in flaming capitols, with Mr. Van Buren's by the side of them, and the Abolitionists exhorted to "chose between them." The correspondent of the National Intelligencer writes:

"Nothing is more amusing, in this great centre of newspapers, than to read the Administration papers of Alabama and Mississippi, which *prove* him (Mr. Clay) to be an Abolitionist, and the Administration papers of Massachusetts, Vermont, and the New York interior, which *prove* him to be "a slaveholder," "pro-slavery," &c. Mr. Van Buren's friends are certainly magicians, if he is not, for they have great success in conjuring up, not only the Mormons and Infidels to their aid, but the two wings of extreme opinions on the subject of slavery. Some *Abolition Van Buren tickets* are to be run in the interior of this State the coming election, so as to tack the Abolitionists on the strength of the Administration."

Will not the people of the *South* remember this? Will they not put to silence the hireling slanderers who endeavor to make them believe that Mr. Clay is inimical to Southern interests? ☞ If our slaveholding people wish to avoid a political connexion with the Abolitionists, they must cast thier votes against Martin Van Buren. *Register.*

Revolutionary Whigs.—Four of the five surviving Soldiers of the Revolution residing in the town of Manchester, Vermont, came to the Polls on Tuesday last, and deposited Whig Ballots. These old veterans, under the gallant Stark, periled their lives at Bennington, in defence of Whig principles. They were Whigs in 1776, and, true to themselves and their country, they are Whigs in 1838.

And when we see the Patriots of the Revolution—the Fathers of the Republic—the men who achieved our Independence, thus vindicating our principles, will their descendants, their children, the heirs to an inheritance of Liberty, be less patriotic? If our Revolutionary sires maintain Whig principles, will their sons show themselves unworthy of their birthright? *Albany Journal.*

As the majority of our readers, we presume, seldom see the Globe, it may be news to learn, that the official organ has been engaged for some time in the adventurous task of demonstrating that *thirty-eight millions* of dollars, are less than *thirteen millions!*—and that the Administration which spends the former sum deserves the confidence and support of all friends of Retrenchment, while the Whigs who never expended more than the latter sum in any year, were justly chargeable with extravagance and prodigality.

The official journal is also trying to prove that the acknowedged abuses and corruptions in the different Executive Departments are all owing to the Whigs.

What a set of incapables would the Globe make out those men to be, who have had the entire control of the National Administration for nine years. How unworthy would it prove them to be of the

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It is stated in a recent Paris paper, that a young lady, in the paroxysm of a burning fever, threw herself from one of the highest windows of the Hotel Dieu. She fell into the Seine, and cleared, in this manner, a space of about one hundred and twenty feet. This fall had no bad consequences for her, but she was drawn out of the water safe and sound, and the reaction produced upon her by this violent shock, on the contrary, seemed to promise results favorable to her recovery.

OUR REVOLUTIONARY SIRES.

The following is an extract from John Neal's Fourth of July Oration:

"When the *young* alone bear sway, rashness, and headstrong presumption prevail. When the *old* have exclusive dominion, there is always a want of courage and hope, of generous adventure and heroic enterprise. There should be a mixture of both, of the young and the old, to carry us and our beloved country through the storm that is gathering about her. Cast your eyes over the records of her greatness, and while you find that Alexander Hamilton was hardly of age when he began to play his part in the awful drama of the Revolution, being only twenty when he was taken into the family of the commander in-chief, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel; you find, also, that Benjamin Franklin was fifty-nine before he began to be heard of; Samuel Adams forty-four; James Otis thirty-eight; John Hancock thirty-eight; John Adams thirty-five; Josiah Quincy forty; and Thomas Jefferson thirty two, before they were greatly distinguished; and so with all the actors of that age. They were full grown men—working men—ripened with toil and strengthend by long habits of endurance and self dependence. Let it be forever remembered that the men of the Revolution were all *working men*—those of New England especially. Greene was a blacksmith; Franklin a printer; Roger Sherman a shoemkera; Putnam a farmer. They were doctors, preachers, attorneys and shop-keepers, and not a man of them above his business or ashamed of his calling.

"I done it; he done it; they done it." This awkward phraseology is in such common use, that a well educated person is liable to have his ears convulsed and his gammar-box turned upside down with it every hour in the day. It is strange how people can make use of such horrible bad language.

To Salt Butter.—Beat very well up together in a marble mortar, half a pound of common salt, 4oz. of saltpetre, and 4oz. of powdered loaf sugar. To every pound of newly-made butter (the milk being well drawn off by beating) put an ounce of the mixed powder; incorporate it well, and put the butter in pots for keeping. In about a month—not before—it will be fit for use; and it will continue for ten years as good as butter newly salted.

"DOINGS IN GUILFORD."

The following letter, in reply to a slanderous notice of the people of Guilford, which appeared in a late number of the Standard, was communicated to the editor of that paper for publication; but having been refused by him, it appeared in the Raleigh Register of Monday. We re-publish it as an act of justice to the people of Guilford.

To Thomas Loring, Esq. Editor N. C. Standard:

In a late number of your paper, you have grossly slandered the citizens of our county of Guilford. You surely have more regard for truth, than to publish such *falsehoods*, gratuitously. We cannot entertain *so raw* an opinion of you, although you do not say by what authority you publish.

In the first paragraph you say:

"It will hardly be believed, that in North-Carolina an *abolition test*, would be required of a candiate to ensure his success among any portion of our citizens. But it appears it is even so. Mr. JONATHAN PARKER, of Guilford, was promised votes of a portion of Whig citizens, if he would take the side of HENRY CLAY, whom they believed (and truly) to be an abolitionist. From what we can learn, it appears that these persons will support Henry Clay on that account, at the risk of dooming the South to bank bondage and federal dominion."

This paragraph *does not contain one word of truth*. It *is* true, the Republican Whigs of Guilford will in all probability support HENRY CLAY in *preference* to Mr. Van Buren.

In the second paragraph you say:

"Among the doings of Guilford are some acts worthy the spirit of Federalism and the reign of terror. We are told that the Bank "Whig" Merchants attended the polls, and *warned those indebted to them*, that if they voted for Mr. Parker, they would press them for their debts, and that they would take nothing but *gold and silver*. It seems that these "rag barons" are willing to put up with "specie humbugs," when it answers their purpose for coercion and oppression."

A gross slander and palpable falsehood!! A portion of the undersigned merchants have taken pains to inquire, and can neither find nor hear of an instance of any such censurable conduct to have occurred; and further, conferred with the Hon. JOHN M. DICK, a high-minded and honorable gentleman, and a friend to the Administration, who says "that he mixed freely with the citizens on the day of the election, and that he never heard it even intimated until he saw it in the "Standard," nor did he believe the "statement." In this we have no doubt he will be sustained by every Van Buren man in the county.

In the third paragraph you say:

"Another incident betrays a most reckless disregard of propriety on the part of the Federalists in Greensborough. They marked the profile of Mr. Parker on a board and burnt the same in a barrel of tar, tolling the town bell in the usual manner of funeral solemnities. Comment is unnecessary."

Great perversion and misrepresentation!! We believe the simple truth to be, that late in the night after the election (and after the citizens were generally gone to bed) some boys did burn a barrel of tar in Greensborough, and tolled the town bell for joy at the result of the election; but who they were we do not know. We have full assurance that the citizens of Greensborough had nothing to do with it directly or indirectly, and that nothing would be farther from them than to encourage such means of showing *indignity* or disrespect to any man, and especially to one who has so long and so largely enjoyed the confidence of our county.

Our only object is to set you right, and that the character of our citizens may be released from the false and slanderous charges contained in your paper. We trust the fault is not with you, but that you have been led into the error by the correspondence of some foul calumnistor, and that it will be your pleasure to correct the error, and give this an insertion in your paper.

Respectfully.

JAMES M'IVER,	PETER ADAMS,
C. A. GILLESPIE, & Co.	THO. CALDWELL,
JACOB HUBBARD,	JESSE H. LINDSAY,
GILMER & WHARTON	W. R. D. LINDSAY,
ELI SMITH,	W. J. M'CONNEL,
M. D. SMITH,	J. & R. SLOAN,
J. A. MEBANE,	M'ADOO & SCOTT,
JAMES BRANNOCK,	JOS. A. M'LEAN.
J. & R GILMER,	

From the Southern Citizen.

Perhaps we asked too much when we called on our good natured friend of the Raleigh Standard to expose the origin of those false and slanderous statements which appeared recently in that paper against the merchants and people of Guilford. It must be unpleasant for the editor of the Standard, or any other man of *modest* sensibility, to tell on his friend, and point him out by name as a calumniator of so worthy a people as the merchants and citizens of our neighboring county—Guilford. And for an editor of high pretentions, to have to come out publicly, and acknowledge the propagation of false and libelous charges of *his own invention*, must, we should think, be a still harder task. It would make one feel *so* sheepish! We must, therefore, excuse this Standard-keeper of Van Burenism; and content ourselves with the best conjecture we can make as to the origin of his "Doings in Guilford:" especially as he so satisfactorily justifies his own conduct by criminating ours.

Obituary.

Died, in this place, on Sunday last, SOPHIA C. HOOPER, daughter of Mr. George D. Hooper, of Lafayette, Alabama, aged 12 months.

Weekly Almanac.

SEPTEMB'R	Sun rises	Sun sets.	MOON'S PHASES	D. H. M.
20 Thursday,	5 57	6 3		
21 Friday,	5 58	6 2	Full	4 1 0 morn
22 Saturday,	5 59	6 1	Last	19 4 51 after.
23 Sunday,	6 0	6 0	New	18 3 27 after.
24 Monday,	6 1	5 59	First	26 4 36 morn
25 Tuesday,	6 2	5 58		
26 Wednesday	6 3	5 57		

Farm for Sale,

IN GUILFORD COUNTY, eleven miles nearly west of Greensborough, containing about one hundred and seventy acres of land, from eight to ten of which is good meadow, in good condition; fruit of almost every description, both late and early; in as good a farming neighborhood, perhaps, as is in North Carolina; five flour merchant mills within three miles of the place. The farm is in good repair, with as many conveniences as any other, perhaps, in the county, as respects water, buildings, &c. A good framed HOUSE, 29 by 45 feet, with eight rooms on the lower floor; a good cellar, and a never failing spring near at hand; a good spring house; perhaps as good a framed barn as is in the country, 24 feet by 36; and stable room in abundance. The situation is dry and healthy, and commanding agreeable cenery. Any person wishing to emigrate from east to west, might be well suited.

ABEL COFFIN.

Guilford county, 9th mo. 19. 37—

Equity Sale.

STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA,
Orange County.

In Equity—September Term, 1838.

IN pursuance to a decree of the Court of Equity made at this term, I shall offer for sale, on the 12th day of October next, at the residence of Pendleton Mebane, in the New Fields, the Undivided Share of J. R. Mebane's in the Tract of Land belonging to the heirs of the late Robert Mebane. A credit of six and twelve months will be given, the purchaser giving bond with approved security.

JAMES WEBB, *C. & M. E.*

September 18 37—3w

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
Orange County.

In Equity—September Term, 1838.

Woods v. *Bobbitt and others*—Original Bill.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that James Woods, one of the defendants in this cause, is not an inhabitant of this state; It is therefore ordered that publication be made in the Hillsborough Recorder for six weeks successively, that unless the said defendant appear at the next term of this Court, to be held for the county of Orange, at the court-house in Hillsborough, on the second Monday of March next and plead, answer or demur, the cause will be set down for hearing, and heard *ex parte* as to him

JAMES WEBB, *C. & M. E.*

September 19 37—6w

Blanks for sale at this Office.

From Waterton's Natural History.

FIGHT WITH A LION.

In the month of July, 1831, two fine Lions made their appearance in a jungle some 20 miles distant from the cantonment of Rajeote, in the East Indies, where Capt. Woodhouse, and his two friends, Lts. Delamain and Lang, were stationed. An elephant was despatched to the place in the evening on which the information arrived; and on the morrow, at the break of day, the three gentlemen set off on horseback, full of glee, and elated with the hope of a speedy engagement. On arriving at the edge of the jungle, people were ordered to ascend the neighboring trees, that they might be able to trace the route of the lions in case they left the cover. After beating about in the jungle for some time, the hunters started the two lordly strangers. The officers fired immediately, and one of the lions fell to rise no more. His companion broke cover, and took off across the country. The officers now pursued him on horseback as fast as the nature of the ground would allow, until they learned from the men who were stationed in the trees, and who held up flags by way of signal, that the lion had gone back into the thicket. Upon this the three officers returned to the edge of the jungle, and having dismounted from their horses, they got upon the elephant; Capt. Woodhouse placing himself in the hindermost seat. They now proceeded towards the heart of the jungle, in the expectation of rousing the royal fugitive a second time. They found him standing under a large bush, with his face directly towards them. The lion allowed them to approach within range of his spring, and then he made a sudden dart at the elephant, clung on his trunk with a tremendous roar, and wounded him just above the eye. While he was in the act of doing this, the two lieutenants fired at him, but without success. The elephant now shook him off; but the fierce and sudden attack on the part of the lion seemed to have thrown him into the greatest consternation. This was the first time he had ever come in contact with so formidable an animal; and much exertion was used before his riders succeeded in urging him on again in quest of the lion. At last he became somewhat more tractable; but as he was advancing through the jungle, all of a sudden the lion, which had lain concealed in the high grass, made at him with redoubled fury. The officers now lost all hopes of keeping their elephant in order. He turned round abruptly, and was going away quite ungovernable, when the lion again sprang at him, seized his hinder parts with his teeth, and hung on them till the affrighted animal managed to shake him off by incessant kicking.

The lion retreated farther into the thicket; Capt. Woodhouse in the mean time firing a random shot at him, which proved of no avail, as the jolting of the elephant and the uproar of the moment prevented him from taking a steady aim. No exertions on the part of the officers could now force the terrified elephant to face his fierce foe, and they found themselves reduced to the necessity of dismounting. Determined, however, to come to still closer quarters with the formidable king of quadrupeds, Capt. Woodhouse took the desperate resolution to proceed on foot in quest of him, and after searching about for some time, he observed the lion indistinctly through the bushes, and discharged his rifle at him, but he was pretty well convinced that he had not hit him, for he saw the lion retire with the utmost composure into the thicker parts of the brake. The two lieutenants, who remained at the outside of the jungle, joined their companion on hearing the report of his gun.

The weather was intolerably sultry. After vainly spending a considerable time in creeping through the grass and bushes, with the hope of discovering the place of the lion's retreat, they concluded he had passed quite through the jungle, and gone off in an opposite direction. Resolved not to let their game escape, the lieutenants returned to the elephant, and immediately proceeded round the jungle, expecting to discover the route which they conjectured the lion had taken. Captain Woodhouse, however, remained in the thicket; and as he could discern the print of the animal's feet on the ground, he boldly resolved to follow up the track at all hazards. The Indian game-finder, who continued with his commander, at last espied the lion in the cover, and pointed him out to the captain, who fired, but unfortunately missed his mark. There was now no alternative left but to retreat and load his rifle. Having retired to a distance, he was joined by Lieutenant Delamain, who had dismounted from his elephant on hearing the report of the gun. This unexpected meeting increased the captain's hopes of ultimate success. He lost no time in pointing out to the lieutenant the place where he would probably find the lion, and said he would be up with him in a moment or two.

Lieut. Delamain, on going eight or ten paces down a sheep track, got a sight of the lion, and instantly discharged his rifle at him.

This irritated the mighty lord of the woods, and he rushed towards him, breaking through the bushes (to use the captain's own words) "in a most magnificent style." Capt. Woodhouse now found himself placed in an awkward situation. He was aware that if he retraced his steps in order to put himself in a better position for attack, he would just get to the point from which the lieutenant had fired, and to which the lion was making, wherefore he instantly resolved to stand still, in the hope that the lion would pass by, at a distance of four yards or so, without perceiving him, as the intervening cover was thick and strong. In this, however, he was most unfortunately deceived; for the enraged lion saw him in passing, and flew at him with a dreadful roar. In an instant, as though it had been done by a stroke of lightning, the rifle was broken and thrown out of the captain's hand, his left arm at the same moment being seized by the claws, and his right by the teeth, of his desperate antagonist. While these two brave and sturdy combatants, "whose courage none could stain," were standing in mortal conflict, Lieutenant Delamain ran up, and discharged his piece full at the lion. This caused the lion and the captain to come to the ground together, while Lieutenant Delamain hastened out of the jungle to reload his gun. The lion now began to craunch the captain's arm, but as the brave fellow, notwithstanding the pain which this horrid process caused, had the cool determined resolution to lie still, the lordly savage let the left arm droop out of his mouth, and quietly placed himself in a crouching position, with both his paws upon the thighs of his fallen foe. While things were in this untoward situation, the captain unthinkingly raised his hand to support his head, which had got placed ill at ease in the fall. No sooner, however, had he moved it, than the lion seized the lacerated arm a second time, craunched it as before, and fractured the bone still higher up. This additional *memento mori* from the lion was not lost upon Captain Woodhouse; it immediately put him in mind that he had committed an act of imprudence in stirring. The motionless state in which he persevered after this broad hint, showed that he had learned to profit by the painful lesson.

He now lay bleeding and disabled under the foot of a mighty and irritated enemy. Death was close upon him, armed with every terror calculated to appal the heart of a prostrate and defenceless man. Just as this world, with all its fleeting honors, was on the point of vanishing forever, he heard two faint reports of a gun, which he thought sounded from a distance; but he was totally at a loss to account for them. He learned, after the affair was over, that the reports were caused by his friend at the outside of the jungle, who had flashed off some powder in order to be sure that the nipples of his rifle were clean.

The two Lieutenants were now hastening to his assistance, and he heard the welcome sound of feet approaching; but unfortunately, they were in a wrong direction, as the lion was betwixt them and him. Aware that if his friends fired the balls would hit him, after they passed through the lion's body, Captain Woodhouse quietly pronounced in a low and subdued tone, "to the other side! to the other side!" Hearing the voice, they looked in the direction from whence it proceeded, and to their horror saw their brave companion in his utmost need. Having made a circuit, they cautiously came up on the other side, and Lieut. Delamain, whose coolness in encounters with wild beasts had always been conspicuous, from a distance of about a dozen yards, fired at the lion over the person of the prostrate warrior.

The lion merely quivered; his head drooped upon the ground, and in an instant he lay dead on his side, close to his intended victim.

Adversity willingly undergone is the greatest virtue.

Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that application will be made to the next Legislature of the State of North Carolina for an act to incorporate Junto Academy, formerly called Mount Pleasant.

September 10. 75—

FOR HIRE,

A NEGRO MAN, who is a first rate hand.

Inquire at this Office.

September 13. 36—

Attention!!

To the Commissioned, non-Commissioned Officers, and Musicians, belonging to the 48th Regiment of North Carolina Militia.

YOU are hereby notified and ordered to attend at David Mebane's, on Wednesday the 10th of October next, at 11 o'clock, equipped as the law directs, for drill muster and court martial; and on Thursday the 11th, you will attend, with your respective companies, equipped as the law directs, for regimental exercise. Each private is ordered to be furnished with six blank cartridges. Each captain will be expected at that time to make his annual return.

THOS. JONES, *Lieut. Col.*

September 13. 36—

Notice.

THE subscriber having qualified as executor to the last will and testament of ANNE PHILLIPS, deceased, requests all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them, properly authenticated, within the time prescribed by law, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

Notice is also hereby given to the legatees and heirs of the said Anne Phillips to come forward and claim the property devised in the said will, as the executor is now prepared to deliver it over to them.

BOSTOM ISLEY, *Ex'r.*

Orange county, Sept. 5. 35—3w

THE

Matchless Sanative,

AN advertisement for which fills the two subsequent columns, is for sale at Mudlick Post Office, Chatham county, by

ROBERT WOODY,

Agent for the sale of the same.

☞ N. B. A fresh supply just received.

June 27. 26—3m

Notice.

THE subscriber having qualified at the last term of Orange County Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, as administrator *de bonis non* of the estate of JOHN TURNER, dec'd, hereby gives notice, to all persons indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay to him the said administrator; and those having claims to present them for payment within the time prescribed by law, otherwise this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

SILAS M. LINK,

Adm'r. de bonis non.

September 10. 36—3w

Public Sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, made at August Term, 1838, I shall expose at public sale, to the highest bidder, before the court house door in the town of Hillsborough, on Thursday the 11th of October next,

Eight Negroes

belonging to the estate of John Turner, deceased, consisting of one Man, one Woman, three Boys and three Girls. Nine months credit will be given, the purchaser giving bond with two approved securities

SILAS M. LINK,

Adm'r. de bonis non.

September 10. 36—

Trust Sale.

BY virtue of a deed of trust, executed to me for the purposes therein mentioned, I shall proceed to sell, to the highest bidder, on a credit of six months, on the twelfth day of October next, at the late dwelling of Mary P. Mebane, deceased, near the Hawfield meeting house,

Two likely Negro Girls,

and all the perishable property of said deceased.

Also, Farming Utensils, Hay, Oats, and many other articles belonging to James Pendleton Mebane.

Bond and security will be required.

JAMES MEBANE, *Trustee.*

September 10. 36—

Notice.

I HEREBY give notice to all persons whom it may concern, that my son Thomas L. Durham, is authorized to transact business for himself, and to become responsible for his contracts, in as full and perfect a manner as if he were of full age.

JOHN DURHAM, *Senr.*

September 12. 36—p

William Neal, & Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF

LOOKING GLASSES,

No. 27,

North Fifth Street, Philadelphia, back of Merchants' Hotel.

The only establishment in the city devoted exclusively to this business.

COUNTRY Merchants are supplied at manufacturers' prices, and their *Glasses insured from breakage to any part of the Union, without extra charge.*

Those who may have orders for large Glasses, would do well to inform us by letter, previous to their coming on, of the size of the plate, and the kind of frame they may want, (whether of Gilt, Mahogany or Marble,) that the article may be manufactured expressly for the occasion

Merchants should give their orders for Looking Glasses the first thing on their arrival, to insure them well put up.

☞ Any editor of a weekly paper, who will publish this advertisement to the amount of six dollars, at his usual rate, shall be duly paid in Glasses at the manufacturer's prices, which of course must be as low as they can be bought in the city—provided he will send on his bill by a merchant who will purchase Glasses, with which we can pack and forward them at our risk of breakage.

September 1. 35—

Baldwin, Kent & Co.

IMPORTERS,

and Wholesale Dealers

IN

BRITISH & AMERICAN

DRY GOODS.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

HAVING received their entire Fall Supply of **STAPLE and FANCY DRY GOODS,** consisting of about *one thousand Packages,* and embracing every variety of articles in their line, are prepared to offer to country Merchants generally great inducements to purchase their goods in Richmond. Their goods are bought on the most favourable terms, and will be sold in such quantities as suits the country trade, and on as good terms as they can be bought in any city in the United States.

As the stock of goods in our city generally will be much larger than heretofore, merchants may find it decidedly to their interest to examine the Richmond market before making their purchases elsewhere. We invite the particular attention of country merchants to our assortment. Our terms are, six months credit, to good and punctual men; or five per cent. discount for cash.

August 28 34—1m

Earthenware, China, and Glass.

THOMAS J. BARROW,

IMPORTER,

No. 35 Nassa Street, New York,

HAS on sale a complete assortment of choice and desirable articles in the above line, which will be sold to the country trade upon the most favorable terms. The attention of purchasers is respectfully solicited, with the hope of being able to give entire satisfaction in every particular.

New York, July 21. 31—

Ladies' Shoes.

THE Subscribers have just received a fresh assortment of Ladies Shoes and Slippers, of the best Philadelphia manufacture.

O. F. LONG, & Co.

July 12. 28—

O. F. Long, & Co., have also on hand,

50 Sacks of Salt,
20 Boxes Hull's Patent Candles,
3 Boxes Sperm Candles, &c.,

all of which they will sell on the best terms.

July 12. 21—

Job Printing,

NEATLY & EXPEDITIOUSLY EXECUTED

☞ AT THIS OFFICE.

SPRING GOODS.

O. F. LONG & Co.

HAVE just received, and now offer for sale at their old stand, their Spring Supply, consisting of every variety of Goods usually kept by the merchants of this place, viz:

A Large and General Assortment of

Dry Goods, &c.

COMPRISING

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, Satinets,

FRENCH, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN

PRINTS,

PRINTED LAWNS & MUSLINS,

Black & Coloured Silks,

&c. &c. &c. &c.

ALSO

Hardware and Cutlery,
Shot Guns,
Hats, and Shoes,
Bonnets,
Crockery,
Cotton Yarn,
School Books, Stationary, &c.

All of which they will sell at the lowest prices for Cash, or on a short credit to punctual dealers only.

May 8. 18—

Spring and Summer GOODS

JUST RECEIVED

THE subscriber has just received from New York a General Assortment of

Staple & Fancy Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, &c.

COMPRISING

CLOTHS, SILK GOODS, HATS, SHOES, BONNETS, CROCKERY, QUEENSWARE,

and all articles usually brought to this market, all of which will be sold low for Cash.

He is very thankful for the patronage heretofore received, and hopes his friends and the public will now give him a call.

Country produce, such as Cloth, Feathers, Tallow, and Beeswax, will be taken in exchange for Goods.

B. CHEEK.

April 27. 18—

Clock & Watch-making Business, and Jeweller.

THE subscriber thus tenders his sincere thanks to those who have so liberally patronized him since his commencing business in Hillsborough. For a short space he has been withdrawn from his labors by sickness, and would crave the indulgence of those whose work has been thereby delayed. Having been again restored to health, he hopes to be enabled to prosecute his business to the entire satisfaction of all who may favor him with their custom.

He has on hand a good assortment of

Watches, Jewellery, &c.

which he wishes to dispose of on reasonable terms.

Orders from a distance for Watches, or for the execution of work, will be faithfully attended to.

LEMUEL LYNCH.

December 7. 99—

BETHMONT

Female Academy.

THE subscribers respectfully inform the public that the exercises of this institution continue under the care of Mrs. ELIZA J. MORROW; and as she gives her vacation in the winter, the school will continue, without intermission, until November. Young ladies will be charged only from the time of admission.

The manner in which this School has been heretofore conducted is highly satisfactory, and we take great pleasure in recommending it to the patronage of parents and guardians, who intend giving their daughters and wards the advantages of a liberal education. The price of tuition is eight dollars per session. Drawing and Painting five dollars extra.

Board can be obtained in respectable families, at a short distance from the Academy, at five dollars a month.

THOMAS D. OLDHAM,
JAMES THOMPSON,
ELIJAH PICKARD.

May 29. 22—

Liston's Practical Surgery.

PRACTICAL SURGERY,

ILLUSTRATED BY

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY ENGRAVINGS.

BY ROBERT LISTON, SURGEON.

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

G. W. NORRIS, M. D.

One of the Surgeons of the Pennsylvania Hospital.

THE above celebrated work will immediately appear in Dunglinson's American Medical Library, with all the Engravings of the London edition, and additional illustrations of American cases. There will be about one hundred and thirty in the whole.

The American Medical Library and Intelligencer, edited by Professor R. Dunglison, is published in octavo form, once a fortnight, each No. containing 104 pages of reprint of some new and established medical work—and from 16 to 24 pages of original and selected cases, notices and reviews of new medical publications, &c.—making yearly upwards of 3000 pages, and printed in a very superior style—the whole forming a concentrated record of medical science and literature.

Subscription, Ten Dollars a year, payable in advance. Subscriptions taken from April of each year.

Published at 46 Carpenter Street, Philadelphia, by ADAM WALDIE.

Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co.—*New York:* Wm Burns, 152, Broadway—*Baltimore:* N. Hickman—*Albany:* W. C. Little—*Charleston:* W. H. Berrett, E. P. Belle.

The following works have been published in the first five Nos. of this year:—Kramer on the Diseases of the Ear. Hamilton's Practical Observations on Midwifery. Syme on the Diseases of the Rectum. Osborne on the Nature and Treatment of Dropsical Diseases. Green on the Diseases of the Skin. Coulson on Diseases of the Bladder. Besides the numerous articles, cases, &c. contained in the Intelligencer department.

July, 1838. 31—

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

Hillsborough Recorder,

ENLARGED.

TO THE PUBLIC.

After some unexpected delays, we have this week been enabled to present the Recorder to its readers upon an enlarged sheet. This has emphatically been called the age of improvement; but in all the multiplied forms in which this spirit has manifested itself during the last twenty years, perhaps in none is it more perceptible than in the appearance of the public press. The newspapers of our villages now, surpass in size and neatness those formerly issued from our largest cities. It has long been our desire that the Recorder should reflect a portion of this spirit of the age; and an effort to accomplish this desire, we felt was due to that portion of our friends who have continued to sustain us through good and through evil report. This enlargement of our sheet necessarily involves a considerable additional expense; but we are mistaken in the people of Orange, if we may not safely throw ourselves upon their generosity, and with confidence hope that they will duly appreciate the benefits of a free and honest press, and extend to it such a portion of patronage as will, in some degree at least, compensate the care and toil and expense necessary to sustain it.

It is now more than eighteen years since we commenced our establishment at this place, during which time we have had many difficulties to encounter. The storms of political strife engender many prejudices which it is sometimes vain to attempt to allay; and the zeal of popular enthusiasm creates preferences which yield nothing to honesty of purpose. These things tend greatly to depress a village newspaper, the prosperity of which depends almost solely on the patronage of the county in which it is published; and we ought not, perhaps, to expect entirely to escape their influence. But we have had more potent adversaries than these. It is said of the church of Rome, that she withholds the Bible from the common people, that they may not, through ignorance of the true meaning, be led into heresies; the priests only are to read and interpret for them. So it is with some of our self-styled Republicans: they are afraid to trust the people, and if it was in their power, they would entirely prohibit the circulation of all papers which do not perfectly square with their notions. Not able to contend openly for their doctrines, they would suppress all inquiry. And this is the spirit which has been operating for several years to undermine the circulation of the Recorder, and if possible to break up the establishment. At one time this was very nigh being accomplished; we were reduced almost to the last extremity; the star of our hope had sunk almost to the very horizon. But amid all this darkness, we were sustained by a consciousness of the integrity of our purpose and the justness of our cause: and perseverance has enabled us to witness the return of a brighter day. Our star of hope is now again in the ascendant; and we trust that under its enlivening influence we shall be permitted long to battle for truth and sound principles, with our flag nailed to the mast—"UNION, THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE LAWS."

Our enlarged sheet will enable us to embrace a greater variety of matter than heretofore; and we shall endeavor to gratify the various tastes of our readers, by placing before them every good thing we can select from our exchange papers and other periodicals, whether of Morality, Literature, or Politics. In all our selections our object will be, to blend instruction with amusement, to inform the judgment, elevate the mind, and mend the heart. In political matters, we shall nothing extenuate through favor, nor set down ought in malice, but on all occasions shall endeavor to give "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Having fewer advertisements, our paper in its enlarged form will perhaps contain as much reading matter as any other paper in the state. We shall endeavor always to procure good paper, and to make the impression fair and legible. When these things are considered, with the fact that the whole contents of the paper will be selected expressly for the people of this section of county, we hope those who have been in the habit of sending abroad for their papers, may be induced to bestow their patronage upon their own press, and thereby build up an establishment respectable in its appearance and useful in its operation.

To those of our friends who coincide with us in opinion, we might make an appeal, urging upon them the expediency of exerting their influence to extend the circulation of our paper; but we deem it unnecessary. They surely have discernment enough to know, that before their principles can triumph, light must be spread among the people.

We would also remind those of opposite politics, that the columns of the Recorder are always open to respectful and decent communications, as well from their party as our own; and that we shall endeavor on all occasions to give an impartial and faithful account of the transactions of the day. And further, when any important measure shall come before Congress, upon which we may think the public mind requires to be enlightened, we shall consider it a duty always to give speeches on both sides of the question.

With these brief remarks we submit our cause to the people of Orange, and trust that they will mete out to us a due portion of liberality.

Hillsborough, N. C., May 9. 1838.

FARMER'S HOTEL.

Mr. Richison Nichols

HAS taken charge of this well known establishment, and is prepared to accommodate Travellers in a comfortable manner.

☞ Stage passengers will find it very convenient, as it is directly opposite the Post Office.

Regular Boarders will be received on accommodating terms.

August 15. 33—

LOOK AT THIS!

LATIMER & MEBANE,

HAVE just received from New York and Philadelphia, and now offer for sale, the largest and best assortment of

Rich and Fashionable

Dry Goods

ever offered in this market; amongst which are almost every article of

STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS,

ALSO

Groceries, Hardware,

Queensware, Hats & Shoes,

besides many other articles too tedious to mention. The Goods were principally purchased with cash, and will be sold low for the same.

LATIMER & MEBANE.

September 6. 35—

Forwarding Agency.

☞ THE subscribers inform the Merchants of the interior, that they are still engaged in the Forwarding way, and trust that with the facilities and experience they now possess in the transaction of this business, to merit the patronage heretofore conferred. They have large Ware Houses at the river and in town, for the reception of forwarding Goods apart from other buildings, and comparatively safe from fire.

WILKINGS & BELDEN,

Fayetteville

Refer to

MESSRS. CAVE & HOLLAND, Hillsborough.

April 5. 65—

Notice.

IT is hoped that all those indebted to the firm of *HUNTINGTON & LYNCH* up to the 1st of October 1837, will call and settle their accounts with the subscriber immediately, as such a settlement is absolutely necessary to the adjustment of their affairs. I hope this notice will not be disregarded.

LEMUEL LYNCH.

October 26. 93—

English Teacher

wanted immediately,

TO take charge of the English School at this place. One who can come well recommended will meet with liberal encouragement. Apply to B. Cheek, esq. Magistrate of Police, in person, or by letter post paid.

August 8. 31—6w

WILLIAM W. GRAY'S

Invaluable OINTMENT,

FOR THE CURE OF

External Diseases, viz.

White Swellings, Scrofula and other Tumours, Sore Legs and Ulcers, Old and Fresh Wounds, Sprains and Bruises, Swellings and Inflamations, Scalds and Burns, Women's Sore Breasts, Scald Head, Rheumatic Pains, Chilblains, Tetters, Eruptions, Biles, Whitlows—and a most effectual remedy for the removal of Corns,

Also, Beckwith's Anti-Dispeptic Pills,

FOR SALE BY

ALLEN PARKS.

September 8. 35—

Boarding House.

A FEW regular Boarders can be accommodated by the subscriber, at the old stand of John Faddis, deceased.

Persons desiring it can also be accommodated during Court week.

THOMAS D. CRAIN.

February 15. 08—

Advertisement.

THE impossibility of carrying on the Watchman as it ought to be conducted while absent on collecting expeditions, and the impossibility of longer doing without the large amount due me for six years of labor, have determined me to sell the establishment at the end of the present year. The subscription list is about *eight hundred, and on the increase,* and the job printing and advertising good for at least *five hundred dollars* a year. A gentleman of talents and a sound Whig, shall have the Paper on *the most liberal terms.* I would not willingly let it go into any other service. An early application is requested.

H. C. JONES,

Editor and Proprietor.

June 27. 26—

Lemay's Almanacks,

FOR 1838,

Calculated for the Meridian of Raleigh,

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

VERY CHEAP.

December 22 01—

Flour and Corn.

THE subscriber continues to keep at his Mill a supply of FLOUR & CORN MEAL.

THOS. W. HOLDEN.

May 29. 22—

Blanks for saleat this Office.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

BY DENNIS HEARTT,

AT THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, OR TWO DOLLARS FIFTY CENTS IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

Those who do not give notice of their wish to have their paper discontinued at the expiration of the year, will be presumed as desiring its continuance until countermanded.—And no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

Advertisements not exceeding sixteen lines, one dollar for the first, and twenty five cents for each subsequent insertion; longer ones in proportion. Court advertisements twenty five per cent higher. A deduction of 33⅓ per cent. will be made to advertisers by the year.